

War for Equestria: Political Spectrum

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Summary: Addition to Mcknight2012 forum. The Equestria war looked through the eyes of many politicians. Chapter 1: The President of the Allied Species. Features 40k, Halo and Mass Effect.

1. Chapter 1

****War for Equestria: The Political Spectrum****

****Chapter 1: The President of the Allied Species****

It seemed like a normal morning on Harvest for the President of the Allied Species the joint organization of the CAR and the UNSC. You see after the UNSC-Covenant war the two factions had found themselves at incredible odds with each other where only a single spark could resume the war to its former state.

Thus as a token of good faith the UNSC had put all ONI operations on hiatus for the next ten years while welcoming any joint missions with the former Covenant. The action turned out to be a good thing in the end since ONI's plan to destabilize Sanghelios could have possible destroyed everything they had tried to achieve, peace.

However a few years after that the several races of the former Covenant started sprouting religious ideals about how Humanity wasn't the heir to the forerunners and the evidence was planted by sympathetic Sangheili and Humans. There was a hint of truth in there but that was it.

Anyways the Jiralhanae, split itself into two factions which had created a civil war. Unfortunately the stronger fraction was led by the former prophets who had either bribed, drugged or literally mind controlled the chieftains to do their bidding.

The president winced in memory.

The conflict had been blood. Over 1.3 billion Jiralhanae dead, 5

billion other member of the other sentient species and nearly 20 planets glassed all in three months. Luckily the prophets were stopped quickly before they could do anymore damage but that didn't offset the loss. It was like the covenant war all over again, only with the AS on the losing side until the new generation of Spartan and UNSC program had kicked in.

A decade ago any Sangheili would have laughed at the idea of a normal human male, unaided besting him in hand to hand combat. Now the idea was proven wrong once again.

You see while many of ONI primary project had been shut down, genetics had taken a for front in the minds of their agents. After five years of testing with nearly unlimited funding they had gotten amazing results.

The president did a comparison between the before and afters on his hologram. It was amazing what Humans could come up with given the opportunity.

During the covenant war the average Human male weighed at roughly 100 kilograms, 188 centimetres, lifted nearly twice their body weight, could sprint at 20 miles an hour, run for 20 miles not stop without having a break, had a reaction time of 160 milliseconds and could do the T test in under 11 seconds.

The president then looked at the second hologram. The results were impressive.

When the Jiralheane civil war had kicked in the average Human male infantry could do the following. Lift three times his weight, could literally run for 100 miles nonstop, sprint at 33 miles an hour, had a reaction time of 70 milliseconds and could do the T test at 9.5 seconds. Not to mention the body changes. The average human male stood at 204 centimeters, weighed 127 kilograms and healed twice as fast **after ** the augmentations. And this was all without armour.

The Spartan IV were even more incredible. But he was getting off topic.

With the MJOLNIR armour as the new standard armour and augmentations the new recruits dominated the field today.

Take that Sangheili.

However before the president could continue the train of thought he tapped a button on his hologram checking his facts one more time. _First rule of politics: Know what your thinking and doing or else you look like an incompetent jackass._

The new wave of UNSC infantry had hit the Jiraleane like nothing seen before besting several of the giants in hand to hand combat before charging head on into the fray. With the aid of the other races backing it the Jiralhanae had been able to reclaim their home world and administrate a proper government once again.

Granted they weren't pacifists but they weren't mindless savages anymore either. The President winced the thought. Sometimes talks turned very violent during political meetings. Usually one couldn't

go to a meeting without expecting a fist or claw to their face.

However he didn't have to put up with it a lot. Standing at 9 feet tall the president was a little on the tall side for his race. The male stroked the red hair on his head before looking at the reports given to him a few days ago about the three parallel universes he had encountered.

It seemed that three out of four of them had humans, interesting.

The president read the files of the Citadel Universe as he liked to call it. However one didn't attain a term in presidency without reading between the lines and reading once again. In his opinion the council theoretically had the same amount of power as him one to a lesser extent.

However as he read the files he found many things very disturbing. The fact that they practiced slavery, banned genetic augmentations and had made a law that prohibited the creation of AIs. He hadn't even gotten to Krogan rebellions and Quarians before he was cursing up a storm about the sheer incompetence of the Council and the behaviour of the Alliance.

The Alliance was like a spoiled arrogant brat in his opinion and the council was a useless housewife who hasn't done a day of work in her life. To hell with those fools.

There was a special place in hell for these bastards.

Then there was the 40K universe as the Major on the groundside had reported.

Overall the Imperium of man was something that he wished his own civilization mirrored in some aspects; Militaristic, thorough, adaptable, old, huge. Although there were some aspects he found himself disagreeing with. The two major ones were the lack of technological development over the past 10000 years and their xenophobic tendencies to all other races.

Granted he couldn't blame them from the reports he had been given about their home universe.

Did he really want these kind of people as the AS's allies for the war? If the three major players in the parallel universes were military he would consider them as the following:

The president would consider the AS as a Lieutenant ODST who had survived the civil war. A person who is tough at the beginning yet has grown more experienced overtime. However he has seen his fair share of war as the 40k universe which he would considered a scared General. Uncaring, burecratic, cruel, and only sees numbers not the people fighting on the front lines.

The Citadel universe on the other hand would be considered a spoiled child in his opinion.

At least he knew he could rely on the 40k universe to back him up if the need should ever arise.

The president sighed one more time before looking out the window. Harvest had grown into a magnificent colony over the years. Did he really wish to endanger the lives of every civilian and military personnel just to state he primal desires.

"_Not primal. This needs to be done or we're going to be in a worse war that will make the Covenant war seem tame."_ Thought the president.

One click, one password, one turn in the key and the total governing body of the UNSC and CAR would be in a state of war, one of his few powers.

After a moment of thought the president reached his decision.

The president clicked the button typing the password carefully before turning the key. One minute later and every high military and civilian authorian figure had received their message.

The Allied species had entered a state of war.

"If it's a war they want, it's a war they'll get,"

The president merely chuckled at the day he was having. Some turn in office. The large male quickly emailed his mate saying that he would be home late today knowing she would understand. They had met on Doisac during the civil war and had gotten bonded after he had reclaimed the Jiralhanae home world.

The male sighed before shuffling his mane. Today was going to be a long day. He called Admiral Klatosus.

"Evening Klatosus," greeted the President.

"Good evening sir. Is there something you wished to ask for sir," question Klatosus. Klatosus had been his commanding officer during the civil war and the two had remained good friends as the years passed on.

"Yes, Klatosus. I was wondering if you still have my hammer and gold armour in the storage facility?" questioned the President.

There was a pause in the line of communication before Klatosus answered,

"Yes I do. May I ask why you wish for it mister President?"

The president grinned revealing his sharp teeth.

"I'm going back to war, old friend."

****Notes:** The T test is a test all soccer players go to. In order to be the starter on a world team you have to do it in under 10 seconds. Look it up.**

****And to Mcknight2012,** I'm going to add my blood angel one shots later but I first want to get a feel of the political climate in the war. There can still be more things added which I will apply in the next chapter if I can or I could just do a more detailed version.

Email me on which one you want.**

By the way I lay a hidden challenge that's not too hard to complete:

What is the race of the President of the Allied Species, CAR and UNSC?

2. Chapter 2: The 49 Admirals

Author's Note: How could no one guess what the President's race. It's fairly obvious if you just read closely enough.

There this woman on the other side waiting for me. Hoping that I come across. She grabs my hand and pulls me into the field. We laugh, we cry, we talk because that's what we've wanted to do all along. But soon my dream turns into a nightmare. Her hands slip away from mine and I see her once again. In that beautiful dress dead on the battlefield. I try to wake up but I can't. I can't. Not until I see all the atrocities done to her body. Then I wake up and return to reality. The harsh, cold, unforgiving reality.

** Jun, Admiral, Spartan, Just another man waiting on the other side for this to end.**

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Chapter 2: The forty nine Admirals

(Leaving Earth)(Soundtrack)

The War room as one would call it was a very dangerous place to be unless you were there for the right reasons. In this very room three things either happened. An entire alien race can be hunted down to extinction, such as the San'shyuum. Pretty ironic since they had originally wished for the extinction of humanity in order to remain in power.

The second thing that could happen in this room was the introduction of a new admiral. Unfortunately this rarely happened as the Admiral Trial was incredibly dangerous and only one in ten survive to become an the test was where you were dropped onto a controlled flood village with nothing but a medieval weapon and tasked with fighting your way through the abominations.

The third thing that could occur was when a task required the need of more than one fleet of ships. However since each admiral governed over at least 100 ships this was rarely necessary.

In the entire history of the war room it had only been used 19 times. Today however the 49 admirals will meet again with each other, in person. Not via hologram, but in person. The very cause of this made things exceptionally dire.

Each species had 7 admirals which represented it during times of War. Each admiral was equal to he fellow admirals and only subordinate to the President of the AS and the Grand Admiral.

All species had 7 admirals representing them except for the

Mglagolkyo and the Huragoks. The Hunters had 14 because each bonded pair only counted as one vote and was never far from each other while the Huragoks had no interest in politics. Thus the Huragoks were now equally responsible for all species of the AS due to their incredible expertise.

The first admirals to enter were the Sangheili. Each Sangheili wore their distinctive purple armour. Although each Sangheili admiral was unique and came from different walks of life just like the other admirals there were a few things they had in common. Each had a feeling of veterans with hundreds of years of experiences. Several had lost their mandibles over the course of their lifetime and most had several scars, scratches and dents on their once fine bodies and purple armour. The Sangheili themselves stood tall, their eyes filled with paranoia and their minds unyielding despite the fact that their own bodies were unwilling to move due to old age.

Their leader was Rtas' Vadum, a scarred veteran of dozens of brushfire wars and three major ones, the Human-Covenant war, the Jiralhanae civil war and the containment breach respectively. Among his fellow friends and colleagues he was known as half-jaw due to the fact that he was missing two of his mandibles. However what made him distinctive or more so from his fellow Sangheili admiral was his red aura. His Nen Aura.

One the battlefield he was known as the red dog by humans because he very life forces seem to pulsate with red energy as he killed his enemies mercilessly. Of all the admirals in the meeting he was the most brutal yet having been there fighting alongside the president himself against the cloned General DAAR. It was where he had lost his left arm from flood swarms and infection but by some miracle or by his will to live Rtas survived. However to this day he believed in a no mercy policy. Every enemy was to be killed whether or not his allies were in the midst. His tactics were brutal and bloody but they got the job done so he kept his position as one of the three great admirals.

The second to enter were the Unggoy. Despite the fact the fact that the average Unggoy could now live to see his 70th birthday, the Unggoy were still treated as second class citizens, just not as much. One knew that while you could intimidate a Unggoy thoroughly and easily, push them over the edge and they will kill you, your friends, your family and everyone else you care for. After all they only fought to the death.

The seven admirals walked into the meeting rooms taking their hover seats, together. The Unggoy were social creatures, this extending to their admiralty. Most Unggoy Admirals were far more cooperative with each other's methods unlike the other species with their counterparts. Each Unggoy used each other for support due to their aging bodies to walk toward their seats breaking off one by one. Once seated the Unggoy took off their breathing masks to inhale the oxygen in the air before putting it back on.

All the species in the AS had the ability to breath Oxygen, Nitrogen and Methane thanks to genetic engineering even though it wasn't as easy as their "home" atmosphere.

The third to arrive were the Kig-Yar admirals. Each Kig-Yar had thousands of wrinkles surrounding their bodies and armour. Most of

them wore black and wore monocles. Said monocles were used to display information directly to their eye.

The fourth to enter into the room were the Jiralhanae. The aging Jiralhanae had beards of great length and silver hair although many of them had cybernetics covering this entire body. This was expected as all of them had participated in the Civil War where they had faced genetically engineered Brutes. Luckily said Jiralhanae weren't very smart and easy to displace. But the fact that they were capable of being cloned, genetically engineered and already had a very well laid out underground maze made it extremely difficult.

However thanks to the effects of Delta squad led by the President himself, Thel' Vadum, Jun, Rtas' Vadum and Klatosus, the Jiralhanae had been able to destroy the underground complex causing a major earthquake on Doisac and killing a majority of the cloning labs stemming the tide of the war. There was a huge amount of pride for each admiral as each had at least fought once alongside the leader of Delta squad as he rushed head first into the unknown to save his and their home world. No matter what the cost for their bodies the Jiralhanae admirals had vowed to fight alongside the president to their last breath for what he had done for them.

The president had shown the galaxy that day that they weren't savages but a species to be respected. So if he wished for them to go to war they would follow his order without question, to hell and back.

Among the most famous of the seven was Klatosus, the commanding officer of the current president when he was just a member of the army. The nickname he was given was the yellow monkey because of the golden armour he also had two extra shoulder blades and his extra-long arm guards to fit with his long arms. Apparently as a means of torture his enemies had tried to stretch him out as long as possible while "playing" with his weakened body. Luckily he survived but his arms were incredibly long from that day forth despite the large amount of muscle he once had.

The fifth group to enter were the Mgalekgolo. Although they didn't appear much different than the younger members of their species there were two things set them apart. All fourteen of the Mgalekgolo wore dark blue armour which was almost black in colour. The second differences were if one looked closely were the colonies inside each Mgalekgolo. The individual worm like creatures were much paler and moved a little slower showing the large amount of age and stress each of the Mgalekgolo had gone over through the course of their life time.

The sixth group to enter were Yanme'e. Each Yanme'e was male as the female queens almost always stayed at home in their colony guarded by their servants. However of these admirals the Yanme'e were the most outlying of their species. Each admiral had the ability for individual thought outside of their queen's influence and actually attracted females to them, not the other way around. Now this may not be so special at first but the Yanme'e were a hive minded species and such qualities were rare, few and far between but it also made them excellent generals.

The last group to enter were the humans, among them were Lord Hood, and Jun, a Spartan 3. However what made Jun distinctive from his

fellow humans was not his height or biological, Nano, mechanical augmentations, which most admirals had in some sort but the blue outline that surround his body like Klatosus and Rtas. Just like his former squad mates he also had the ability to use Nen, thus granting him the nickname the blue pigeon, as the man just liked to sit and sleep a lot.

One couldn't blame him, he had survived and been on the losing end of at least three major wars so no really cared much, except his wife who complained every now and then. However at the meeting he was wide awake and alert showing the gravity of the situation present. Everyone knew that when Admiral Jun was awake, shit had official hit the fan. He wasn't even complaining about how the President, which he called Baby Kong, and Grand Admiral had dragged him here on this late hour.

And finally the last one to enter the table was the Grand Admiral and Head Councilor.

Standing taller than his fellow Sangheili and far more intimidating was Thel' Vadum, not looking a day older than his prime years in his youth, less you didn't count the scars. The Grand Admiral sported a hidden plasma sword in his hand, which he almost never took off, a large cap made from the fur of general DAAR, a red cybernetic eye and a mechanically augmented heart.

All admirals immediately stood up to salute their superior who returned the gesture.

"At ease," growled Thel.

It was clear he wasn't having a good day. Some poor bastard must have tried assassinating him again. What was that, the 10,000th time?

The Admirals quickly sat down on their chairs eyeing the Grand Admiral. One could not be too careful. As Grand Admiral, Thel was only Subordinate to the President of the AS himself. Thel slowly walked to the desk observing his surroundings for a minute before looking at his subordinates.

"Thirteen Years." Replied Thel, "Thirteen years since we have last gathered ourselves together in such a manner. Not since the flood containment breach have we all sat here in person discussing the course of events."

The admirals murmured among one another for a moment before Thel stood up to the smashing his fist down on the hovering table.

"As Grand Admiral of the AS and its respective governments, the CAR and UNSC, I, Thel'Vadum of Sanghelios bring this session to order," demanded Thel icily.

Thel raised his hand and smashed it down once again silencing his subordinates. Everyone knew the very power Thel wielded as Grand Admiral, a figurehead and Lord. They knew that this meeting was going to probably go down in history but the fact that Thel had said it in such a icy tone was not lost to them. The last time it had happened an entire species was sentenced to death. Some of the less courageous admirals felt a chill run down their spines.

"Let's begin."

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Codex:

Nen: Not much is really known about Nen even though the public is aware of it. It is believed that it gives a user with immense willpower the ability to go beyond their physical limits however there are still several roadblocks stopping governments from researching it further.

Several Black operations have also been committed in hopes of understanding this "magical" power. To date the three most well-known Nen users are Admiral Jun, Klatosus and Rtas who showed signs of the ability after the Jiralhanae civil war.

****Challenge still occurring: Guess the race of the president of the AS.****

3. Chapter 3: The Vice Admiral and the Capt

****Chapter 3: Vice Admiral and Captain****

****Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year fanfiction writers and readers.****

****Author's Note: This chapter is dedicated to Jun. As for some of the statistics I did the math and if you don't understand contact me about it. Note Jun is the best person for the role of an admiral for several reasons which you can probably understand. By the way I'm going to make a new "Freezing" fanfiction because I found the manga needs some improvements with a much darker tone. As a result I will add it on my profile for you to read but the updates will most likely be random. Now one to the show.****

****(I was lost without you: Mass effect 3)****

It was a normal day on the newly terra-formed Reach. With former Covenant help the planet had reached its former glory. Lush rainforests, coursing rivers and prosperous farms. But there was one place that was left untouched with a glass surface.

The hero's Monument.

There an eternal blue flame remained ignited as a memory of all the lives lost during the covenant war. The monument represented how much politics could truly affect war and why it was necessary to never blindly follow orders.

However today there stood one particular person standing there.

Admiral Jun. The blue Monkey, the sleeper, the laziest man in the galaxy were just a few of the nicknames given to him. They weren't entirely without reason. Jun mostly slept while working and was the most easy going of all the admirals. However few knew why he was such.

These people were the two standing behind him as the Admiral talked to the statues of his fallen team; Noble team to be precise.

There Captain Mendez and Vice admiral Cutter waited. This was a ritual for Jun every time something big happened. Neither of them cared since Jun never responded positively to the psychiatrists. This was probably the only way for him to relive stress; talking to his fallen teammates.

"It's been ten years hasn't it team," joked Jun to the statues.

"Ten years and I haven't spoken to either of you. I pretty sure your all glad, happy for how things have become, especially you Jorge. Reach is back to its former glory. Your home's been rebuilt big guy."

Jun smiled at the thought. His team would be proud.

"I know you guys are probably laughing at me somewhere in heaven. Like you Kat. Your probably wondering how I made admiral. Truth be told I have no idea myself. I guess they just needed all the experienced officers they could," stated Jun.

That was the truth. After the Jiralhanae civil war they needed all the NEN users they could get so that the AS wouldn't suffer the same amount of casualties as it had when storming Doisac.

"I wish you were here. All of you. I wish the war had never happened. I wish that we could have stayed a family, whole and complete. But I could have it. None of us could. Every day I wake up knowing that I'm working with Elites, Brutes, Grunts, and many other aliens which were hell bent on destroying humanity years ago."

"None of you probably know but the war was bad. Worse than any of us knew. Hell it wasn't until we this a consensus did we learn how much we lost. 125 billion humans. 125 Billion lives silenced, 125 billion lives killed and 125 billion who would never see another sunrise."

Jun bowed his head down looking at the ground for a few minutes. For those moments Mendez actually felt his pain. Jun's family was one of those who had been killed during the great war. All his relatives, friends, neighbours died in the battle for New Harmony. It was when Jun himself had been recruited.

Instead of looking like a lazy admiral, at that moment Jun looked like an abused child, lost, alone and scared.

Mendez wished that he hadn't gone along with Ackerson. He wished that he wasn't responsible for what this man had face.

"I sleep everyday hoping to enter and stay in wonderland. I sleep so that I never have to wake up. I don't want to wake up and go one with my life working with all those that I've lost but I know that I have to its logical. I'm the best person for this job and possibly ever be. I just wish that it didn't have to come at such a large price. That's why I sleep on duty guys. I want to stay in wonderland joking with all of you all day every day."

"None of you should have died. Especially you six. If you had just

gotten on that ship you could have survived. You would be here and I wouldn't be alone."

"I lost my family. I lost my team. I lost my home. I lost my friends. How many more do I have to lose before it's enough. How many more? I've rebuilt my family but I know. I know that I will lose some during this war. It's over the horizon. But it doesn't matter. As long as I can watch my enemies die. That's all that matters."

"Sir, I'm pretty sure you wouldn't approve of my behaviour well none of you would have except Emile but I don't care. I don't care anymore. I dug my grave a long time ago. Now all that matters is how many I take to the underworld with me."

Cutter knew who he was talking about. Admiral Jun, was officially the new head of ONI and the head instructor of the rebooted Spartan 3 program which had been a sort of boot camp of misbehaving kids. Over the course of his career he had been the creator of thousands of super soldiers and ordered tens of thousands of assassinations.

While he didn't look like it Jun specialised in one thing, violence. He wasn't as hands on as Klatosus who micromanaged his organization or as ruthless and brutal as Rtas but Jun wasn't one of the three great Admirals for nothing. His word was law amongst the lower ranks and even his fellow admirals, minus said two, treaded lightly around him.

If Rtas'Vadum was a hot headed, brutal raging volcano, Jun was a cold, furious snowstorm. Now that he thought about it, Cutter understood how their mental abilities effected their nen. Jun knew how to play politics and wasn't one to let emotion get before logic. That said, he was a master torturer both by teaching and experience. He could make someone suffer for nearly a week before they died and had rumoured to have killed several rear admirals that had gotten in his way.

"I can't stay long guys. I have a war to fight with my two admirals. 12,00 ships are going. I know that's a lot. You've taught me a lot. How to lead, how to live and how to laugh. I've been taught a lot by all of you. Thanks Nobles. Thank you. Thanks for everything."

Jun then turned to Vice Admiral Cutter.

"Your ship's waiting sir," saluted the man.

"Take me to Equestria, Cutter, I have a war to win," Nodded Jun.

4. Chapter 4:Planet Governor

Chapter 4: The Planetary governor

This will be my last halo centric chapter in a while. So enjoy.

Read and review

Today the Planetary governor was playing cleanup. No he wasn't ordering people around and telling local authorities to raid

warehouses of several known criminals to look good.

He was doing it himself. Today the Planetary governor was staring at the other end of a sniper rifle. He had been doing so for the past half an hour.

Why?

Simple, some fucker who tried to raid and sell some military equipment was meeting him here. Now normally the Planetary Governor wouldn't mind. Hell he would as for a bit of the cut but today wasn't a normal day. Today was the day state of war had been declared in the AS. The collective AS.

This meant that every single piece of equipment and resource was going to be required. There was one rule to politics these days.

You can be as dirty as you want in peace time but when war was declared you fought and home like any other soldier on the front line.

Since almost all politicians followed this rule, was saying something since they came from military backgrounds. In order to run for office one must first serve the military for five years. And serve. Krag had served his five years hunting snow pirates and fighting on the lost planet the planet with the most hostile environment known to man to date.

And now he was finally putting his skills to good use.

He stared at his sniper scope. Then he spotted something. A large figure which soon turned out be a Sangheili.

Never knew a Sangheili would be interested in arms dealing but I guess I can't base my facts on wives gossip.

Krag stared through the scope daring the Sangheili to move forward which the idiot did. Why would you meet out in the open? It was further proof he was dealing with an idiot. First thing was the fact that he stole military equipment for profit in wartime, second was coming alone and third was standing in the open.

He took the shot.

Sniping was a difficulty for many members of his species causing several of them to turn to scouting. You had to deal with recoil, angle of depression, wind, gravity, heat to a certain extent, velocity, penetration, armour, the species you were shooting itself and breathing.

Yes breathing was a bitch. It accounted for 60% of all misses and living victims.

A .75 calibre round shot through the air at 2 kilometres a second going faster then the speed of sound. At that speed the recoil was enormous but the result was well worth it.

The shot impacted the Sangheili's body tearing through his first and second lung and heart before exiting out, quite gruesomely, from his

back.

No shielding. More proof he was dealing with an idiot.

The bullet hit the ground causing a dust cloud to appear before it dissipated. The Sangheili dealer was no more.

Krag called in his office.

"Yes sir?" replied his human secretary who had no idea what he was doing.

"Tell the Police chief that my job is done. The cleanup's complete. If he wants details tell him to, ahem, get off his skinny butt and meet me there." He replied before hanging up.

His secretary would do the rest.

Caspian V was a new colony on the frontier of AS space. It was mostly populated by Kig-Yar and Human one of the only few. As a result it was of extreme political and strategic value. It was another reason why Krag was doing this.

He pulled an old fashion notepad before crossing a name out. Three more to go.

Fuck. Today was going to be a long day.

He expected himself to server for three months before coming back and governing this corrupted piece of rock.

It was another reason why Krag took his job seriously. No planet governor wanted to be at the end of Glassing from Admiral Rtas'.

Nevertheless it was effective motivation to get some of the less cooperative politicians to do their job. The AS was a collective body led by two parts of a whole. The civilian council side and the Admiralty board. Since the AS was almost at some form of minor conflict the AS had a greater number of Admirals to councillors, 49 to 35 to be exact.

It was also because a politician was the reason why the Coveent war even began from both sides. A planet governor refused to bring military onto his planet which could have saved lives but didn't because of he didn't have the guts to do what was necessary, a female officer refusing to bring forth martial law and the three prophets who themselves started the war.

It was why the AS gave their military more power then their civilian government. They refused to trust politicians on any basis then they knew they could.

Krag knew that his lifestyle was about to change. While the planet governor salary gave him around 100,000 a year, he usually added to it by accepting bribes.

However Krag knew that wasn't an option. If he wanted his planet to survive he was going to have to be clean.

He quickly scurried to the body of the dead Sangheili he had killed checking to see if there was anything he had missed.

Nothing.

Good. Krag walked back up the mountain to his parked Ghost before leaving the scene. No one would investigate that thoroughly. It was just a bust gone wrong.

But as he drove back to the main city. Population wise the colony was normal in most ways. At 128 million civilians Krag was proud to be on this colony.

However he knew that it would be useless to be proud of a rock. He remembered the Covenant war as a child and the winter conflict he took part in.

If things went south his colony would be no more. Estimates put this war at lasting between 3 to 300 years and chances are his world was going to be a battle ground really soon.

The Kig-Yar sighed, hoping he would be able to bring back some sort of artefact to improve the value of both himself and his colony.

5. Chapter 5:Anderson

****Chapter 5:Councilor Anderson****

****Admirals Jun's Persona Profile(Eyes of only Red Crown officers, OBI and other persons of interests)****

****Admiral Jun is known as an extraordinary leader. As Admiral of the Human Species making his rank a formality above the rest of his fellow Human admirals, Admiral Jun has incredibly exceptional leaderships and mental skills. As leader of OBI he has worked with several of his fellow admirals in the past demonstrating the ability to look past species differences to a work toward a common goal.****

****As a former Spartan III the Admiral has exceptional training and decades of experience through the trials of the Great War, Civil war, Winter Conflict and containment breach.****

****Most of his data s classified to only those he personnel explains his abilities to but there are reports that he has excellent, hand to hand combat skills, accuracy, survival training, nen and most notably of all his marksmanship.****

****As Head of OBI, Admiral Jun has also been responsible for most of the more unsavoury elements of the military and has leaded the agency well.****

****It should be noted that of all the Three Admirals, Jun is the one least prone to violence. When he does do acts of violence the deaths are cold, calculating and brutal just like his ice nen.****

Anderson looked at the report he had received many time before but just as before he couldn't shake his head at the lack of

detail.

Greatest understanding ever.

Personally the man was a nuisance. Well he wouldn't say it to the man's face every since he slaughtered all the STG agents and Blue Suns mercenaries he had gone after there was evidence pointing to them.

When Anderson learned that Shepard had come back from the omega four relay he couldn't have been happier.

That was until a fleet of four hundred warships appeared out of several hundred wormholes.

He had believed that they were the collectors invading in force until he had learned what they truly were.

From Shepard's report, Anderson and most of the Alliance brass and learned about the reapers, collectors, Equestria and the different dimensions.

At first Anderson was sceptical and believed that for a moment that Shepard had gone truly insane. That was until the Captains of the ships gave credence to Shepard's story.

That meant that what happened was real and the reapers were coming. That said the council still tried to deny the theory but Anderson knew they would have to accept the fact sooner or later.

Looks like he couldn't quit now as the galaxy was going to have to get ready for a state of war.

Then there was the incident Jun had yesterday. Apparently some Blue suns thought it was a good idea to ambush the man with his two escorts. Turns out later they learned the hard way why you shouldn't fuck with an AS admiral.

Jun hadn't just killed them. He had butchered them. After he had quickly found out that had been sent after him he had casually walked into the warehouse making sure that cameras were working from Jack had told him.

Then he had attacked the warehouse alone. Now, Anderson would have thought that Jun had been suicidal until he saw the video. The Admiral had made sure to keep the mercenaries barely alive as he shot his way in. 273. That's how many mercenaries had gone down. No dead.

That was until Jun had cut up every single one of them with his sword before spreading out their pieces all over the citadel.

How he managed to cut each of the bodies into 6 parts was beyond Anderson but he had written something on each head.

And on each individual head he wrote this one simple message.

Don't fuck with me.

For a moment he had thought it had been the handiwork of Jun's men.

That was until he had brought the bodies of nearly 30 STG agents to the council podium saying that they could have their agents back.

When the councillors had tried to arrest the man, Jun had simply shown all the data he had gathered explicably showing the involvement of the STG.

When the press heard about it they had a field day. The public opinion had gone down on the councillors that day along with the AS. But one thing had been clear.

Don't fuck with the AS.

The AS weren't here to make friends. There were here to fight a war. They didn't have time for bureaucratic nonsense. They got the job done. Period.

Although it might have been brutal, Anderson sometimes wished he had the guts to do what Jun did.

He had taken his actions as an example though and started acting like a proper councillor. Already the Alliance had sent ten ships to investigate Shepard's story. More were on the way though.

"Anderson," roared Uchina as he barged into his office.

"What!" shouted the councillor.

"Its that blasted man again!"

Jun didn't like Uchina that much as the feeling was mutual. Jun believed that Uchina was just another pencil pushing bureaucrat and Uchina thought that Jun was an overzealous admiral.

"What did he do this time!" roared Anderson.

"You should see for yourself," replied Uchina brining Anderson to a Citadel new channel. They had been broadcasting the discovery of alternative dimensions and its possibilities for days now. That is unless they were discussing about the possible war.

For a moment it just showed Jun holding a Human down on a chair.

He knew that he was a supersoldier but seeing it was a different thing altogether.

"You're insane," shouted the Human as it tried to break loose to no avail.

"I believe the appropriate term is realistic. You see the only way to control something is through fear. Without fear you have no respect. Without respect you can't do what you have to do,"

"Just shut the fuck up and kill me before I die of old age" mocked the Human

Probably for the last time.

"Okay. You see I'm a man who likes to get things done. But that's not what you want. You think you can take over the galaxy through force alone. Now you have humans to deal with and well, we're not as friendly as the council. But I think my human counterparts have forgotten what it truly means to be human."

Jun pulled out a can of oil and splashed on the mercenary's clothing.

"This is what diplomacy is about, sending a message. Don't fuck with the AS."

"This Multiverse deserves a better class of human, and I'm going to give it to them."

Jun stroked a match before throwing it on to the oiled covered human who screamed as he was lit on fire. Apparently the Admiral had been very specific with the type of flame he wanted as the screams of the human seemed to go on for nearly an hour before Jun logged off.

Don't fuck with us. Okay I got that clearly.

Codex:

**Jack Dricoll:**

As an collective minded AI, Jack was created by fusing the minds of five of the members of Delta squad. As a result he is known as a symbol of their collective conscious. Due to the fact that Jack is cloned from more than one brain he faces instability and rampancy at a much earlier date than several other AIs.

However this wasn't an issue as he was only meant to be used for a suicide mission against the planet side flood. It was only after the war did the AS find themselves at a dilemma at what to do with the new AI.

However a solution was offered by Maximus, current President, of the AS. By breaking Jack's processing power into five individual parts the AI's lifetime increased drastically but it reduced his processing speed and creativity. However Delta squad believed that it was worth it as they grew fond of the AI during the mission.

As a result, Jack is still in service ten years later. It is believed that should Jack's parts be combined into a "whole" his processing power will shot to uncharted levels never before seen in an AI. The members of Delta squad are however reluctant to do so unless they have to in order to avoid Jack's early demise.

**Jun's Nen**

From various reports, the Admiral Nen energy consists of mostly ice abilities although he is known to show mastery of all six aspects of Nen. From his ice abilities he can create spikes, weapons and improve his ammunition. It is a known fact that Ice, when cooled properly, is harder then diamond. By using his ice abilities the properties of his bullets become much harder and tougher allowing them to destroy much stronger objects.

****Like all Nen user's, the Admiral's Nen abilities have increased a thousand fold from contact with chaos and warp users.****

****Signature Move: Ice Age****

****Freezes everything in a four kilometre radius.****

6. Chapter 6:Spike

****Chapter 6: Spike****

****Authors Note: Sorry, I don't know how to speak ork or use it alt all.****

****It is demonstrated that a dragon grows in proportion to the amount of things and rare materials they have. The most selfish of dragons are known to be the largest. However as a dragon grows in size their intelligence generally decreases and their minds become more animalistic. Training, age and traumatic experience however are known to counter this effect. How long this solution will work because a dragon returns to their animalist state of being is however unknown.****

Spike stared through his nigh vision goggles at the surroundings. He really didn't need them but they were a gift from his mentor, and he wouldn't choose to part with them for the world.

Spike yawned. He hadn't slept the entire day and while he knew it wasn't beneficial there was still too much to do.

He scanned the area before finding his targets. He had been separated from his assigned squad after they had been ambushed by a group of orks. They weren't the best of company but he knew that when the shooting started he could count on them to get him out of the fire just like they did before.

There. A group of orks.

Quickly Spike used his wings to glide him down to a more appropriate level. At this distance he would be able to use his plasma pistol and if it comes down to it, his heavy weapon.

The orks laughed with glee as they shot into the air screaming all kinds of obscurities. Spike frowned in disgust. It was because of these bastards his home was in ruins. The Multiverse War had begun but all ready things had looked grim. For the past three days the alliance between the "good" guys of each universe had solidfy their positions and scheduled evacuations for all the sentient creatures of Equestria. Even so the evacuations didn't let them not see the harsh reality of war. Just 12 hours ago the enemies and creatures of each universe had launched a random, uncoordinated attack. Orks, Necrons, chaos, flood, reapers, collectors, geth you name it they came.

In less then an minute the space battle was over and while the invaders had not expected such resistance they had still managed to make planet fall.

Even so their numbers were small but he damage had been done.

Whole fields had burned and dozens of the ponies who had stayed had been killed. Spike winced at the memory. He had been one of the natives that had decided to stay and fight and while he had been trained in war he had not been expecting this. Even with his mind had been assaulted by daemons. Luckily a psyker had been nearby to help fend off the attack but it had still left some scars on his person.

He counted 11 of them in the group. 10 Boyz and one Nob.

The Nob was going to be difficult but the Boyz weren't a problem.

He hated the orks but he wasn't going to let logic lose itself. He folded his wings making them no more than backpack size. They were useless for anything except gliding and just made him a bigger target.

Like a spider, Spike crawled into the underbush before slicing the nearest ork in half. With his improved size and strength coupled with this new plasma sword and the ork couldn't even whelp.

The others didn't even notice one of their missing comrades. In fact they were too busy making noise and roaring to bother with even looking at their surroundings.

Stupid creatures.

In a flash spike scampered behind the nearest ork and hopped into the air. The creature had been crouching down to a mere 6 feet reducing its size. Had it been harder Spike wouldn't have been able to kill it but now it was more than within his grasp.

He hopped into the air, swiping downward silently cutting the ork through its head.

By now they had noticed that something was wrong.

Too late.

Using the dead ork as a meat shield spike, kicked the ork to the nearest boyz before bringing his pistol out and shooting four the orks in quick succession before jumping 3 meters in the air in exchange for a loss of shielding.

Another gift from his mentor.

All together he had fired nine shots, eight of them hitting and killing his targets and the other one missing. Not bad considering that the plasma pistol shot at a rate of 180 per minute and he had done it in less than 3 seconds. Coupled with his armor and the recoil and it was impressive seeing a little dragon kill several creatures ten times its size.

He wasn't the greatest of shots but the fact the orks had huge heads, didn't move from their spots and were no more than ten meters away from him and five meters apart greatly helped his accuracy.

Just as the last ork fell to the ground their living comrades returned fire. However spike wasn't going to give them that luxury.

While in air he quickly glided over the orks raining hell on them.

Those bastards were going to pay for what they had done to his home. One of the orks deciding that shooting was useless decided to charge at him only to have his head cut off the moment spike soared past him.

Idiot.

However spike's other arm hadn't been lazying on its own at all. With his left arm he had fired 18 shots at the heads of the orks. Unfortunately he was less accurate this time having spent less time training in the air.

That said half of those shots hit their targets and with that five orks were dead at his feet.

That only left the Nobz.

Wait where was the Nobz?

A slash to his arm answered his question. The only reason he was alive was because he had placed more weight on one of his feet shifting his body a little to the right.

That said the slash was going to leave a scar.

"U, killa me frands, me mad. Me kill u." roared the ork at Spike's face.

Idiot. I both of us.

Not letting the ork waste any of this time Spike pulled up his plasma pistol. Unfortunately the Nobz had noticed this and smacked his arm. He had added a bit too much force and had smacked the little dragon three feet away. However his pistol had been sent flying with him

Dirt entered Spike's black armour and he was pretty sure he had a concussion and many bruises that were going to appear in the morning. In fact the only reason he had survived the slap was because his shields had taken the brunt of the damage.

The ork charged at spike obviously learning from his mistake. However just before he could take a swipe at the little dragon, Spike had pulled out his secret weapon.

The plasma gun he had made himself. Looking like a regular sniper rifle the only way you could tell the difference was the large holes at the side of it. Spike hit the trigger turning those holes bright purple before shooting them at the charging Nobz.

When overcharged the Plasma gun had a more splash damage then a plasma grenade. It was proven when the ork found itself unbalance from impact before exploding at the center of a sphere of concentrated purple plasma. Unfortunately Spike was inside the sphere when it occurred.

Once again the only reason he was alive at the moment was because of

his shields. That and he had fired at the lowest setting possible.

There was a reason he didn't use it. The recoil was horrible but it was the only heavy weapon he could use since he made it himself with some help from a Huragok and his mentor. That said he could no longer feel his arms.

Spike shook his head before applying some bio-foam and making a long slow walk back to base. Before forgetting, he strained his left arm and pulled out some earplugs. He had done so in order to avoid straining his sensitive ears with the noise the Orks made.

Spike merely looked at the dead remains of the orks before looking up at the sky. The rest of the ground force should be clearing up the rest of the orks any minute now. The future looked grim as even while there were 100 million allied troops fighting on this planet with more on the way every day Spike knew his homeworld was going to need more help if it wished to survive the coming apoloyypse.

Like the friendly Navigator had once told him. Look into the abyss too long and the abyss looks back.

In his opinion the abyss was laughing at him as he stared at the burning countryside.

****Codex:****

****Allied Species****

****Polygamy:****

****After the war the human population found themselves at a need to repopulate. Due to the large amount of males killed during the war and the need to repopulate with a greater population, polygamy was temporarily established. It is believed however that it will be a generation before polygamy is withdrawn and the Human population enters an acceptable level.****

****Spike:****

****After the meeting, Spike had asked for training in weapons handling. Ntho agree with his request taught the little dragon everything he knew about weapons. With his assistance Spike had quickly turned into a competent soldier showing his learning ability. As a gift for his graduation from training Ntho had given spike a specially made plasma pistol and a black set of armor usually used by Special Ops Sangheili these days.****

****However like all dragons, Spike grew in size due to the rare possessions he was given. With the five items he was given; plasma sword, shielding, armour, helmet and the night vision goggles; Spike grew to 50 kilograms from his previous five.****

****He now stands at 145 centimetres tall and walks on two legs although he is more than capable on four. Another distinctive change was the growth of wings, an unexpected phenomenon but a welcome one at that.****

7. Chapter 7:Space wolf Captain

****Codex:** Information on the following Topics will be provided on the Peace and Isolation Forum. Seriously though, It's not too hard to look them up.**

****Mobile Suit:****

****Medi-foam:****

****Evil Watch:****

****Infantry Weapons:****

****Kig-Yar Society:****

****By the Way I have a new Poll on my Profile:****

****For my Stories you want them to be realistic meaning I use science and the opposition may or may not be balance out creating a challenge. Balanced but a strip away all the cool weaponry and abilities in the Halo universe or somewhere in between.****

****This Chapter will include the first interaction between the Space Wolves and the Allied Species.****

****If you want an improved version or want me to continue these stories just ****

****READ AND REVIEW****

****Chapter 7: The Space Wolf Captain's first Day****

Captain of the New Space Wolves, Captain Nicolous Rumen, was in a dilemma. Said dilemma was right in front of the large Space wolf talking to him at the very moment.

"As you can see our troops are stationed at the majority of the planet however most of them are unused to a battle of attrition, resulting in numerous casualties. Even though we have tens of thousands of bases on this planet alone, dozens of them go dark so to speak every day. Our job at the moment is to investigate the nearest one. From what we have gathered the base is likely to have been attacked by Chaos Marines, probably night lords, or the Dark elder,"

Explained a large bipedal alien with four mandibles.

Standing at him was Voro'Vadum of the Vadum state. As a Minor Battle Advisor, Voro, was the human equivalent of Chief Warrant officer in command of this platoon. During times of war the Battle Advisor advises higher ranking Sangheili on certain actions having spent their allotted time with many different species.

The rank was proven by the number of people under Voro's current command. At 55, the 2134th platoon of zeta base was just one of the 20 million troops currently stationed on this planet. More troops were expected to arrive everyday as the fighting seemed to be getting worse.

Unfortunately the Imperials were slow to react due the unpredictability of Warp Travel. As a result there were only 1,704,000 troops on the planet at this moment. Even with the Emperor's help the Imperial warships still faced the massive problems of transporting their soldiers through warp drive. The only good thing that seemed to have occurred was the fact that there were four space Marine chapters on the planet at this moment. The Ultramarines and Imperial fists were the first to react having arrived on the planet within three days. The blood angels arrived five days later after their home world was declared safe. And his chapter, the Space wolves had merely arrived three hours ago and they were already facing serious opposition. Just an hour ago they had to stop a group of Kabalite warriors and Tyranids. Fortunately they received support allowing them to easily defeat the blood xenos.

Unfortunately their support had turned out to be the AS, a group of joint species including humanity from another dimension. The only reason his Marines hadn't fired upon them was because they had explicit orders from the Emperor to not harm them and work with them and any other members of the United Multiverse front.

The United Multiverse Front was the name of the joint armed forces that were fighting on Equestria to stop the spread of their opposition from gaining the powers of Harmony. Thus it was logical to believe that by working together and cooperating this goal would be easier to achieve.

That said as the Sangheili had been talking to him; it had taken the Captain's entire willpower forged from a hundred years of warfare to not fire on them.

Nevertheless, he was willing to work with xenos if it meant getting the job done no matter how galling it was.

"You said that that you expected some chaos Marine?" replied the good Captain attempting to keep his voice even.

The Sangheili had reached for his pistol having expected the Captain to attacking him before calming down.

"Correct however, at the moment we have no idea what kind. This is usually the handiwork of the dark elder who have began appearing over the horizon however just a half an hour ago a squad of Traitor space marines were seen by some scouts 300 miles from here. Visuals couldn't get anymore except for the fact that they wore black," explained the Sangheili.

"That could be anyone forms the Word Bearers, to the night lords to even traitor Deathwatch marines," growled the Space wolf Captain at the sheer incompetency of the Xeno.

"Well I'd like you to see you do better," retorted Vono looking Nicolos in the eye. Said space marine stared eye to eye with the 8 foot tall xeno neither relenting.

To be honest all members of the United Multiverse Alliance or the UMA had been at odds with each other. The AS thought the Imperium was overzealous assholes and the Citadel council to be weak willed pussies who relied too much on another species Technology.

The Imperium felt that it was Gallingly that the humans of the AS were willing to work with xenos that that decades before brought them an inch away from extinction while believing that the Council were pathetic imbeciles who couldn't survive a day in their galaxy which was true.

The council merely hated them both.

However the Imperium and the Allied Species were the ones with the best relationships since both of them were incredibly dynamic with their heads of state actually doing their jobs and their soldiers not lazying around(1). As a result, while neither groups would admit it, they shared a mutual respect with each other despite being at each other's throats and having completely opposite political and social systems.

It was demonstrated when one of the Space wolves coughed ending the glaring match as both males turned around.

Vono sighed.

"This is getting us nowhere. I apologize for the lack of information but I can't seem to get my hands on anything else. Trust me, if I could I would."

Nicolos merely gritted at the statement before nodding. That was enough for the Warrant officer.

Vono checked his holo-pad for more information and updates before continuing.

"As you probably know our job at the moment is to investigate the sudden disappearance of the base. We can't simply blow it from the sky because there could still be some personnel alive on it. High com would also like some more information on what we're facing from all universes," finished the advisor.

The Captain merely nodded before getting why things were going the way they were.

"That's why my company and your platoon, and many other platoons are joining us. We have no idea what we're facing and are going in prepared," concluded the Captain.

Vono merely nodded. While the groups had decided on sharing information, said information was only a minor template that never went into detail about individuals and fractions unless they were of extreme significance. In a way it was basic codex of everything in their galaxies.

The council's codex merely went on for 150 topics, the Imperium's 2,000 while the AS had a 2,000 topic codex. That said any information that could be gathered on a first hand basis by each groups operatives was worth its weight in gold.

Quickly the two leaders exited the tent finishing the meeting. They both knew what their individual jobs were and what was needed to be done.

Vono quickly snapped his Unggoy out of their meal. Unggoy had a

tendency to eat whenever it was time to do so. That was expected as their harsh homeworld had little food for the winter and hibernating was the only way to survive. Luckily for Vono he had some help today. A poison specialist and Black worm, and Unggoy Supersoldier, had been assigned to his command.

It was demonstrated as the Black worm stood at 5 feet 10 inches and was covered in tattoos. His armor and face were masked by tattoos, probably the animals he had eaten. As a rite of passage to become a full member a black worm had to eat many different poisonous animals from grubs to even the apex predators of their home world, something the Unggoy feared to this day.

Vono shouted out several orders to get ready and with Veto, the Black worm, the grunts began picking up their weapons and side arms. They still received the most casualties in battle but even the worst grunt was a competent infantry man.

Veto merely nodded at Vono as he walked passed and monitored the progress of the humans and Jiralhanae. Vono returned the action before looking at the 34 humans and Jiralhanae. He was lucky that he had been given such a good crop for this mission.

While he enjoyed the company of his fellow Sangheili he didn't enjoy the way they fought in combat. All honor bound and charging to a melee whenever possible. That usually changed after a few battles but dealing with rookie Sangheili was a pain.

Vono observed the scene before noticing that he was missing his sniper Kig-yar. He spied the area for a few seconds before finding Ali climbing a tree.

Typical. But I can't say it hasn't been effective.

"Get down Ali, we're moving out!" shouted Vono.

"Got it," replied Ali before hopping down.

Having been working with Ali on previous occasions, Vono knew that Ali liked climbing trees. Something he had inherited from his human pen pal. As one of the best snipers in the battalion, the only reason why he had been promoted was because of the one incident where he knocked out a Pysker on the first day of fighting for being "incompetent".

Vono shook his head at the memory. It had taken a while for everyone to calm down but had caused a demotion and permanent black mark on Ali's record. It didn't help that on that day he was suppose to get a promotion as well.

However Vono knew that after 2 weeks of fighting and the death toll rising every hour Red Crown couldn't afford to ignore a good soldier like Ali.

"When are we moving out sir," questioned Ali. Even on duty he was professional with him.

"In five minutes. I got a good platoon here. Must be something moderate for them to send a Super soldier and former OBI agent," I answered.

Ali knew what I meant. Veto was, from what I gathered, a former OBI agent before turning to soldiering full time.

"Still Evil Watch and OBI agent. You don't retire as a baby killer your disposed of," retorted my friend.

Vono merely clenched his mandibles at the thought before looking at the platoon gathered.

"Okay people this is how it's going to be. The Space wolf Captain will be at the front leading his company into the area. We on the other hand are going to fly off a mile ahead before dropping off in the pelicans. Flacons will provide air support," I explained.

My platoon nodded knowing the drill. We were expected to split up into groups of 25 with five of us going with the Space Wolves before entering the base. Worst come to worst we'll be fighting a bunch of Dark Eldars.

If only I had known how wrong I was. The thing with dark elder was that they tended to lure their victims into an ambush which I later learned. The only reason my platoon hadn't been told was because of one simple reason. We were the bait both politically and militarily.

The familiar sound of spinning falcon blades filled the air as the air vehicles took off. The pelicans on the other hand weren't so silent but that wasn't the point. The pelicans were meant as a distraction making everyone think we had left off in the transports while in reality we would just move ahead.

My two groups quickly scattered into a pincer maneuver where we went opposite ways but were meant to meet in the end.

"This is Dark Horse Team do you read me Paladin," Vono answered over the intercom.

"This is Platoon Paladin. We read you,"

"Good. Maintain radio silence unless necessary by keeping updates to a quarter. Answer if understood,"

"Understood, Warrant officer,"

"Good. Out," I finished my order.

The space wolves had been long gone by the time we had finished. How they were able to get away so easily was something I never understood. For the next five minutes my group of soldiers trekked across the rocky slope. Just a few weeks ago this place was a paradise filled with life. Now the only living things are the dying trees.

"You smell it don't you?" questioned Ali.

I understood what he meant. There was a stench in the air. The stench of dried blood. Equestria had become a killing ground for everything living. Ork invasions, chaos, Tyranids, Dark elder where just the many things that had been attacking this planet. Apparently the

Harmonic Powers on this planet were worth harvesting. I understood why.

Just landing on this planet meant that any non-nen users suddenly could awaken their life force powers.

Medics could now with some training rely on both their medical training and their Nen energy to save lives in a ways that were unbelievable. Assassins could now actually turn invisible from the naked eye without their cloaking devices. In fact the overall ability of the average soldier of the AS had increased proportionally. Before Nen was considered a neat magic trick. Now it was an actual combat ability for the masses. All by landing on this planet.

Unfortunately the very planet was a war zone at the moment. With a death toll of 140 million and rising, the lush peaceful planet of Equestria was a killing ground.

"Yeah I do," I answered before taking one more sniff, "Wait, AMBUSH!"

Immediately the platoon tensed up before getting into position. Unggoy pulled out their needlers and plasma pistols, Jiralhanae pulled out their miniguns and plasma rifles, while the humans got out their lancers. Ever since the civil war Humans have taken it to value to have three types of weapons; Slug throwers, ghost and superheated projectiles and plasma weapons.

I raised my fist raising three fingers before lowering to one before pointing it up. The squad moved into position with Ali on the highest tree twelve meters above ground.

However we weren't given enough time to enter proper positions and we noticed nearly a hundred hostiles appearing on our motion sensors.

"Orks!" shouted a Jiralhanae taking command as I led the Unggoy and humans to the back.

"Team Paladin, we are under attack. I repeat taking fire. Fire at those bastards," I roared pulling out my plasma sword and Dark Plasma rifle.

"Copy that. We're on the way. Hold position," replied Veto calmly before cancelling our connection.

Just as he said that hundreds of bullets, superheated rounds and bright lights lit the air hitting the charging orks taking down half of them. However by now the Orks were within 50 meters of us which was within their firing range. Shots rung through the air as metal hit metal with the lancers.

(I.e. You should know what this is. If not look it up on gears of War.)

Even though the we were well within firing range the Orks were easily decimated in seconds for three reasons. Their shots were inaccurate, some were fighting over leadership as we had inevitably killed the warboss and by now the grenades had exploded.

The funny thing about grenades that you should know. Allied Species Personnel are not allowed to overclock grenades because of their sheer power. A single plasma grenade from what we've gathered can have a range of between 3 meters and 3 kilometers. Not a pleasant thought when the subjects of said grenade toss was less than 50 meters away.

As a result there were several regulations and locks on each grenades to prevent the thrower from killing himself and his teammates. Unfortunately there were incidents where the codes were bypassed.

Such as now.

The grenade exploded, expanding into a sphere of hot plasma the size of a beach ball before imploding into a ball of light using fusion. The fusion was similar to that of the processing of a star going super Nova only on a much smaller scale. That said it wasn't less impressing.

The grenade imploded before exploding once again releasing dozens of streaks of light outward into the distance before destroying whatever they impacted. Unfortunately for the Orks, it was them. Hot streams of plasma shot out from the site burning the area around it in before piercing the Orks with hot plasma blowing clear holes through their bodies before having a secondary explosion which sent the rest of the grenades energy into a much large sphere which burnt the bodies of the Orks who survived to a crisp.

For a moment our shields flickered trying to compensate for the extreme heat before they flashed back to their normal blue.

I tried to adjust my eyes from the extremely bright light. Even so it took a few minutes to do so. Nevertheless I turned to my soldiers. One of which was shivering. Aha.

I was about give him a good beating when I heard Ali laughing.

"I have got to say, for a human that was pretty impressive." Smirked the Kig-Yar finishing his statement. I heard several of the other teammates saying the same thing in agreement.

Nevertheless I turned to the human in question. At a little over 2 meters he wasn't much shorter than me and could probably kill me with his bare hands. But I wasn't going to let fear stop me from doing what I needed to do.

"You fool. You could have killed us all," I lectured, before continuing, "If I was under the eyes of my superiors I would have to give you, your lashings,

I pause for some dramatic effect and because I liked smelling the fear my opposition gives before it dies.

I continued, "but I'm not. In my opinion that was one of the best piece of work I had ever seen since the beginning of this war."

The platoon growled in agreement.

"Congratulations, Corporal," I answered before changing something on

his uniform. Said man looked up in surprise before saluting me.

However before I could return the salute I heard clapping.

I turned around and faced the very person I feared. Veto.

He merely clapped to the curiosity of the team around him. Clap. Clap. Clap.

"Fuck," Vono muttered as he turned around.

"Well it's about time. I was wondering when I was going to get some blackmail material on you."

"Get to the point."

"The point. Don't you see. This is the point. Now I'm in control instead of you. I have the power to court martial you right her. It is your word against mine."

"And if I tell my men to kill you right now?"

"Then Red crown "Investigates" my death,"

I didn't like how he said investigate. Evil Watch usually didn't take prisoners. The few they take never come back alive.

"You would really have your scummy black Operations organization torture an entire platoon just because one of their own was killed,"

"Of course. Afterall that's all we ever do. Inflict pain. The good kind."

A staring contest occurred between the two of us before I finally relented.

"Very well. Command's all yours."

"Good. Okay, dipshits, follow me."

The rest of the platoon decided to follow him not wanting to take risks.

"The other platoons should be with us in half an hour. Plenty of time to investigate the fort."

Knowing what Evil Watch probably had in mind with the fort I optioned to remain silent.

After a few minutes of walking the fort came into clear view to all the troops. Apparently the Space Marines had arrived before us and killed another group of Orks.

"Orks too?" questioned Veto.

One of the Space marines merely nodded as his wolves growled at us. The only reason they didn't attack was because they had explicit orders not to.

"Let's just get in and do our jobs. This place smells of psykers. And not the good kind," spat out the Captain.

Veto orders the platoon to split up into five groups as he waited on the ground floor. The first group is to check the armory, second the infirmary, third the command center, fourth the security rooms and the fifth are to check the cafeteria.

After a few minutes the five teams checked in.

"Nothing here other than a few blood stains."

"Nothing here although I do see a lot destroyed equipment in the cafeteria."

"Command center has just been hit. Plasma burns, slugs and flamers everywhere. Whoever was here we just missed them by a few minutes,"

"Team four. We have a body here. My god. Poor Hunter tried to stop them. Too bad his worms are all over the fucking place. It looks like someone displayed them this way. Fuck. Yes it's definitely dark elder."

"That's all we need. Teams get out. Do you repeat."

"Team one out."

"Team two out,"

"Team three out,"

"Team four out,"

"Static."

"Team five do you copy. I repeat team five do you copy."

"This is team five. They're coming out of the WALLS! FUCK!"

Screams filled the air.

"Fuck Team four and three go after them in the infirmary,"

"Can't sir,"

"AND why not."

"Because we have bigger problems. There's thousands of dark elder outside and shit. There's a Succubi with them."

"What! Show me the visual!" roared Veto in shock.

Immediately an image popped up on Veto's holo-pad no doubt being the formidable opponent the AS had learned to fear. Any commander of the Dark Eldar were something the AS feared above all else.

The Orks, chaos, Tyranids and Necrons were all threats to the AS but the Dark Eldar had a place in every commander's heart which they

feared, hated and respected.

"Shit. All teams get into the base. Prepare all systems now."

"We'll hold off them at the front but we can't guarantee it will be long."

"Thanks. Team in the security room where is the rest of the platoons,"

Veto steeled himself for the answer that he was expecting.

"Dead,"

"Understood, radio high command for reinforcements," calmly stated Veto despite how serious the situation already was.

"Already they did so. Sir their sending a suit," replied the Minor Jiralhanae Joyfully.

"A GUNDAM Suit!" gasped Veto shockingly.

"Yes. ETA three minutes."

"Good. We'll hold onto this position until he shows up."

(Outside the Base)

A Succubi stared at the metallic base disdainfully. Today the Mon'kriegh will truly be played with and with so pleasure beyond anything they ever imagined shall course through her veins. She had already fought the "Other" humans. While one was weak and cowardly but still worthwhile as slaves the second group was different. These humans had put up a fight beyond anything she had every expected outside a Space Marine.

Despite being outnumbered the Mon'kreigh and their allies had fought to the bitter end, something she was surprised to see as they had faced immense pain. But no matter. Today she shall reap her fair share of slaves and one day become an Archron.

The succubi checked her troops one more time for any sign of betrayal before leading the charge into the glorified base.

(In Space)

Above Equestria a large metal pod released its package. Said package was a 42 meter tall GUNDAM suit. The Eyes of the suit flashed showing its readiness before flying down to its target.

****The End****

**** true. The Alliance is a crappy military as seen from its incompetence in all the Mass Effect games and fanfiction and they had Anderson as a Spectre candidate. ANDERSON! I read the book where he does work with Saren and can list at the top of my head three reasons why he's pathetic.****

**** doesn't torture grimsson for information or tell his superiors**

that he was lying.**

** doesn't shoot the Krogan during their first encounter to near death to preven retaliation.**

** refuses to understand Saren's point of view only viewing Kahlee as important, showing how he lets his hormones take control of him.**

8. Chapter 8: The pilot

Chapter 8: The Gundam Pilot

Go to the forum if you want to look up Saadman's homeworld.

**To all those wondering how the suit looks like look up the GAT-X105 Perfect strike Gundam online.
>

What do you do when your world is nothing but ashes? What do you do when all hope is lost? Do you fill yourself with despair? Seek solace in your misery? No you do none of these things. You fight for every minute you have to live. Our ancestors fought, our children will fight and we shall fight as well. On the blood of the dammed and the outcasts we shall fight to uphold what we hold dear.

It is only when you have fallen can you truly rise from the ashes and be reborn as the phoenix that soars through the skies and today we shall soar into the clouds and the heavens not as men but as heroes and soldiers. We're not men, we're soldiers and today we shall fight as such!

-Kirito Kighato, May 17th, 2560

Saadman simply looked at the data-pad before getting out of bed. Those were the words Kirito had told his fellow pilots before the final fight against the flood motivating the soldiers to fight until the last man.

His words, books and speeches were like the bible for all GUNDAM pilots. Despite all odds the man had succeeded in his objective and that was something the GUNDAM pilots all agreed on.

The mission came first no matter what.

Sometimes it was difficult to comprehend for many greenhorns but for veterans it was understandable. Usually GUNDAM pilots had the odds stacked against them in a fight.

Dealing with insurrectionists, pirates, flood ships, remenants and extremists on a weekly basis made each fight like the last for GUNDAM pilots.

Saadman got out of his bed. By Navy standards the room was spacious but for Saadman it was very cramped. Most of the time GUNDAM pilots need large rooms to directly control their suits the maximum sufficiency or when they were repairing any piece that had broken off during a conflict.

The GUNDAM suits were works of art and engineering.

Saadman understood as he looked out the window of his room and into the hangar. Dozens of engineering staff fitted, refitted, reloaded and repaired his 43 meter tall suit. It was a bit on the short side because the ratio for the suit dimensions had to be on a 20 to 1 ratio for maximum capability.

Nevertheless the suit was a work of art and warfare. One GUNDAM suit was considered a worth of 4 frigates in a space fight and nearly 80,000 suits on the ground for the mere fact that they could maneuver very quickly in space, faster then most starfighters at least, and taking control of any moderate sized settlement.

It was the reason why the GUNDAM pilots entered combat many times a year. Altogether the pilots saw around 170 space battle every year and nearly 20 times that many fights on the ground.

That alone would have reduced the lifespan of any soldier greatly however it was only worse for GUNDAM pilots. Having to work in every changing groups of three instead of the 12 or 15 like they did 10 years prior meant the mortality rate was incredibly high.

Personally Saadman blamed it all on the bloody valentine incident.

(Look it up on the forum)

If more then 3 pilots were sent to a battle then the AS had a major conflict on hand.

Saadman sighed. At nearly 40, he was considered young by human standards but by pilot standards the opposite was true. Most GUNDAM pilots didn't even see their third year in combat.

Even with the brutal training.

To be considered a pilot you have to go through a six stage process of the nearly 1 million people who sign up for piloting in the military.

The first stage itself meant that nearly only 10% of the pilots were eligible. In other words only the youngest of pilots were considered because their bodies and minds needed time to adjust to the GUNDAM suits themselves. Older pilots ran into many problems from lack of muscle control to inability to cope with a "second" and "third" body.

It was way the AS usually recruited GUNDAM pilots under 30.

Then there was the fact that the AS then looked into the pilot's record. To be considered a GUNDAM pilot a soldier would need a perfect or a near perfect record in dealing with numerous combat situations. Fortunately there was always a sizeable amount of conflict allowing the GUNDAM pilots the appropriate experience. That said this usually meant that only a few dozen pilots made it to this stage.

Then was the third stage which was the technological aptitude. The pilots themselves had to understand how a GUNDAM suit work, refit,

repair and sometimes reconstruct it from scrap metal. This was due to the fact that most ships, planets and some shipyards didn't have the capabilities of repairing such high levels of technology. In other words it was usually down to the pilot to make the necessary adjustments before, during and after a confrontation. That process then reduced the number to 1200 at most every year.

Finally was the fourth phrase. This was considered the training phrase. Since the suits were basically a manifestation of the pilots physical capabilities in physical form this meant that any action the pilot made was reacted on the suit on a larger scale. In other words slight movements, pressure to force and pain threshold. Any mistake, no matter minor, effected the suit greatly and considering that they cost as much as a carrier, all it took was a single mistake to send a multi-billion dollar specimen down the drain.

As a result the pilots who chose to accept this responsibility were literally thrust through a one year crash course in Spartan IV training. The little detail was Spartan training was usually at least 4 years to reduce the number of deaths and washing outs during it. It wasn't the case for the suits. The instructors instead of looking for quantity and quality were looking for quality only, the tip of the spear if you will.

Any luxury you had in boot camp was taken away and so were the necessities.

It was why only 240 members of the program even passed each year. Even if you didn't become a GUNDAM these people were more than welcome to join the Spartan IV.

The fifth phrase was adjusting to the suits and bringing out your nen. It was common knowledge that nen was a weapon used by experience or resilient people. The fact that you could control your life force into applicable actions was spectacular to normal people and one of the main recruiting drives to the AS. What most people didn't know was nen could also be channelled into objects. In other words pilots along with their already deadly assertion of weapons could also use their Nen in combat.

However like before the number of people who washed out was large. Only 24 people actually passed this stage.

The sixth stage was merely a formality but after going through the process few wanted to be thrust directly into combat after a so called "emergency" happened. Those who chose not to accept the mission washed out because they didn't have the main requirement of suits. Be ready and any time anywhere. That meant that only or 6 people had the certification to use a suit every year out of all the candidates and even fewer did so.

Nevertheless even getting past the sixth stage was an incredible achievement. Officers fought like wolves for people of such calibre to be in their crew.

Saadman sighed before putting on his sunglasses.

But becoming a suit pilot was well worth it. The pay was twice that of what he could normally get, a great position, excellent body huge retirement fund, the ability to be above most laws and best of all

the fact that women couldn't keep their hands off of you.

Yep it was all cool and good.

I quickly rolled up the ear plugs. Growing up on my homeworld meant that you had heightened senses and while they were a blessing during combat situations and at home it was a pain during most other moments.

An alarm ran across the ship. Dammit again.

For the past two weeks the Suit pilots were fighting non-stop. Usually around 34 million people were killed each year in conflict within the as but in this war almost everything was forgotten. The fact that all the suit pilots, reserve or active, were here spoke volumes about the situation.

The death toll was already in the hundreds of millions and this was only just the second week in the conflict. For the past 9 days the suit pilots had jumped from one conflict to another.

On the ground they fought titans, daemon princes and minor daemons. In space they had fought their way through hundreds of ships already and the death toll showed it. Already 7 pilots were dead and while that didn't look like much Saadman knew it was more then a valuable waste of resources.

Quickly he ran through the hallways to his GUNDAM suit. His co-pilot and AI, a Kig-Yar names Yag, was already there.

"Get in, we have dark eldar to deal with," replied his AI into the Com speaker.

Every suit pilot was given an AI to aid them in combat. For Saadman it was his AI.

Immediately he entered the elevator that directly lead to a pathway towards his suit's chest. His AI core on the other hand was in the head.

During the containment breach the flood had found a way to jam the sensors in the suits making them blind. In order to prevent such a thing from happening again an AI was located on the head and using its cameras and other devices could give the pilot accurate information about enemy positions should it be needed.

Worst case scenario the pilot himself would have to head to well, the head, and take manual control from there.

The repair crew quickly left the area as the suit came online.

"Begin check up Saadman" recommended his AI.

Saadman nodded understanding why. Against Dark Eldar, unlike some of their other enemies, a faulty weapon meant certain death.

Fairly quickly the green lights turned on.

"31 meter plasma sword online."

"150 mm Anti-Air minigun online"

"1700 missiles online and ready to be deployed,"

"Standard Shiva nuke ready to be deployed,"

"115 mm plasma repeater gun,"

"Grade 5 titanium shield repaired and ready to be deployed,"

"Anti infantry RPGs ready to be deployed at a moment's notice,"

"650 mm Impluse light Cannon ready"

"250 mm superheated anti-ship projectile gun"

"1200 L of flammable napalm in the flamethrower."

"70 mm assault rifle on shoulders and 700 mm at hip ready,"

"All clear," replied his AI

"Lets roll," answered Saadman before his engines roared to life with white flames.

For second the suit stayed stationary where it was before blasting off at 60,000 kmph into the planet below.

9. Chapter 9:Clash of the Gods

****Chapter 9: Clash of the Gods****

In the realm of the Chaos gods there was always change. For some it was greater than others. Of the most static of chaos gods was the God of Blood, Khorne.

Rivers of blood drained to nowhere as the skies filled with the howls of daemons and worshipers of his faith. There were also fires which scorched the land of the Blood god with warp openings occurring almost every minute.

Now normally the worshipers and daemons of Khorne would charge off somewhere else hoping to follow the faith of their Blood deity. However this wasn't the case. Instead of ransacking the Palace of Slannesh or running head on into the uncorrupted worlds of realspace the subjects had set their sights on one world.

Equestria.

And one fraction.

The AS.

Khorne was not pleased. In fact he never was. His emotions were symbolic to his followers. His rage and bloodlust knew no bounds. However today he was simply to say Volcanic.

The AS had done what the Imperium had failed to do in milleniums and

that was become incredibly resistant to his corruption and that of chaos in general. If that wasn't enough it was the fact that they preferred more "practical" methods of warfare. In other words instead of charging head on into the fray the AS has used everything in their disposal whenever possible; Air strikes, drones, holograms, shielding, plasma pistols.

Now normally, while Khorne, didn't like these types of warfare but he accepted them for their ability to kill, albeit grudgingly.

No what true cause his anger to skyrocket was what they had done at Baal. His army had charged head on toward the space marine homeworld hoping to spill the blood of the Astrates and their people while feasting on their slaughter.

However, while they had been able to do such their battle had been interrupted and his entire army destroyed by the Admiral Klatosus.

The loss was a great one for Khorne as he had invested a fair portion of his army into the conflict.]

And the Jiraelhanes had done it without losing a man.

From what he had gathered, Klatosus had found an artefact of human origin and sacrificing himself released its full power utterly wiping out the Tyranids and halting his army for mere moments from the spectacular.

Stunned his army had been fair game for the Blood Angels and Imperials guarding the planet.

Khorne smashed a bloody fist on his skull throne shaking the fortress. The AS was going to pay for what they had done to him.

Glancing at his gathered daemons Khorne relayed the order.

TO EQUESTRIA! KILL! MAIM! BURN!

His anger knew no bounds. The AS had denied him blood during the battle and as retribution he himself was entering the conflict in realspace.

However before Khorne could do such as thing a golden shuttle smashed into his fortress.

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On the fortress of Khorne a golden light encompassed the area. Shining brightly in the blood splattered realm of the God of War stood a great ape in his current form.

At fifty meters tall armed with a plasma pistol and gravity hammer stood the newest God and the first of his kind.

The first New God.

Admiral Klatosus had risen from the grave to complete his duty.

For the daemons they only did the very thing they knew.

The Bloodletters, Flesh hounds and Blood thirsters charged to the large being who had been foolish enough to enter the realm of Khorne.

A massive army of Daemons charged at the Great Admiral.

Only to be cut off and butchered by the dozens in an instant by his golden arrows.

Khorne stared at the creature, who dared called himself a god and dared to enter his realm.

Foolish mortal.

However his thoughts were interrupted when he noticed his armies being decimated.

Granted they were lesser daemons and cultists but the fact that it was being done spoke volumes.

Khorne hastily checked the power level of the being which he was gladly going to kill and was shocked by the reading.

IT WAS OVER 9000!

No mortal could be that strong. It was impossible. Nevertheless he would butcher him or whatever he was.

His revenge would be complete.

At last he could destroy the man who had humiliated and decimated his army.

"LET THE RED RIVER FLOW!" roared Khorne as he got up from his throne.

Blood was going to be split today and a lot of it.

Meanwhile Admiral Klatosus just stared at the Chaos god before charging forward toward the army of daemons.

He had a job to do.

****Codex: The Rise of the Nen God****

****As the first Nen God, Admiral Klatosus has all the powers of his previous life and memories. However his Nen powers and abilities have increased a hundred fold since his rise to godhood. However there is a reason why he chose such a path.****

****Should Khorne remain his power, his species, from their natural bloodlust, will fall victim to the taint. However as a Nen god who is currently engaged in a battle with Khorne himself, the taint becomes almost non-existent. With Khorne's influence reduced the Jiraelhanae species can now sleep at night glad that they have a divine angel watching over them.****

****Another reason he could be doing this is because of revenge as**

Klatosus lost several friends in the Battle of Baal or a sense of duty.**

Whether or not this is true the side effect is now the same.

All members of the AS are NEN capable.

10. Chapter 10:

Chapter 10: The Navigator and the Farseer

Author's Note:

Now most of you may have noticed two things. One there are going to be some inconsistencies with my story and that of Mcknight2012, but that is something you would expect with several side stories.

The second is that this is the last chapter of this part of Political Spectrum. However this is only the first part of political spectrum. I may or may not return to the series and continue it in the future.

For those who wish to read and understand the story in more detail feel free to go to the forum and type there. It is the following:

Peace and Isolation Forum

Now that is over with let's begin. I do not own anything. Period. If I did there would be much more crossovers and side stories on this site.

Chapter 10

On the Shining Paragon, a retribution class battleship. At 8 km long the Imperium ship was a sight to behold and for good reason. Armed with torpedoes, weapon batteries and lance turrets at the bare minimum the ship was something that you wouldn't mess with. Even elder seemed to stay clear of such a large ship most of the time.

Unfortunately this wasn't the case. For three weeks the "Equestrian War" as many would call it had taken a turn for the worse. With over 700 million dead on the United Multiverse front, things had taken a turn for the worse. The Imperium was still reeling in shock of facing ships that were much larger than their own and was on par with elder craftworld.

I mean who had the ability to build ships 27 kilometers in length and mass produce them. It was even worse when the AS's grand Admiral showed up in his personal ship which was on par with the Phalanx, an enormous 54 kilometers long. Suddenly the Imperium wasn't so sure about their victory.

Like many of the others in the Imperium Simon Belisarius, was truly ecstatic if slightly suspicious at the Emperor's return. However that joy was later shadowed by fear as the Emperor was adding new

technology to their ships.

Ones which were dependent on travelling through the warp. Slipspace drives were soon becoming an unpopular topic among the Navis Nobilite. And for good reason. These drives allowed a starfaring species to travel to any location at 6250 light years a day at pinpoint accuracy _without the Warp. _ In other words it meant the livelihood of the Navis Nobilite was threatened drastically by this new organization. Something that they had tried to squash and had done so successfully for 10,000 years.

By keeping the Technology of the Imperium Stagnant, the Navis Nobilite had been capable of living their luxurious lifestyle since the beginning of the Emperor's "fall".

Now that way of life was threatened.

In the past anyone in the Imperium with exceptional intuition or creativity which led to the creation and advancement of technology were silenced. Either through bribery, death, threatening or categorized as a Heretic.

However the Navis Nobilite now knew that such a thing was now impossible. It would be impossible to hid the technology of the AS or the Citadel council from the general public. The best thing in this situation would have been to classify the technology as something anyone who was an xeno, haos corrupted or a heretic would do.

This had worked greatly in the past but now it was not such a case. The Emperor was watching everything in person and with 60 Inquisitors, six space marine chapters, 2 million Guardsmen and all the other support on the planet the houses found themselves in a difficult position.

What's more the soldiers on the Ground had started to trust the xenos and Heretics meaning that any negative action would be seen as suspicious at best and investigated thoroughly by the thousands of systems of the Imperium. The Navis Noblilie was wealthy he would admit that but even their coffers would be drained in bribing all the agencies investigating any incident. That is if they could pull any action off under the nose of the Emperor himself.

It was why he had decided to get some help from less "honourable" sources.

Simon sipped his tea on last time before massaging his head. He stared longingly at his quarters wondering how it would feel to be treated as a commoner after living generations in the lap of luxury.

Racks of meat hung on the shelves along with exotic and no doubt expensive spices and liquor. Jewellery hung across his ceiling and delicate flowers were being tended to by his pleasure slaves.

Yet at the same time if the Emperor was successful than all this would be gone in less than a year. His entire house would lose their position, their powerful position.

Simon took one more sip of his tea which calmed him down once more before hearing a knock at the door.

He clicked a button opening the golden doors and silky curtains parting away to reveal an Eldar Farseer.

Of the Eldar craftworld Uthawe, Farseer Ultani was a psyker with incredibly yet controlled power making her perfect for the job.

The Eldar Farseer looked at her surrounding before turning to Simon.

"What do you wish to speak of Mon'Kregh?"

End
file.